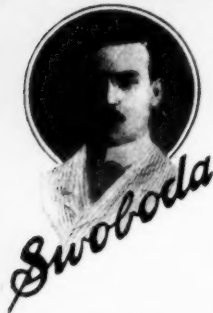




Painted by Lawson Wood

TEMPTATION

Pruck



ASCEND TO THE TOP

It is men, and women, for the "top" that are wanted; those able to control, dominate, and organize, with minds that can think great productive thoughts, those with healthy reliable bodies; there is a position, and prosperity waiting at the top for you.

These Men That Reach the Top Are Bulwarks in Business and Social Life

Men of Science have, for convenience, divided humanity into three distinct divisions, thus:—First, The Successful—Second, The capable—Third, The incapable.

First Division. Those who are capable, and have to some considerable extent made a success of life; that is, they are comfortably off, have fair health, and because of this, and possibly other successes, rest (as they think) satisfied. Never was there a greater mistake, for these are the very people who are on the eve of prosperity in the highest sense, and fail to recognize it.

Swoboda carries you over the border line, places you above the ordinary man. He develops your Boundless Limitless-Self, makes you powerful, Strong, Thrilling, Vivid, Virile and Quick: further, he gives you a graceful and a magnificent mentality.

This, and this only, is the plane of delightful health you should be on, and not rest in a fool's paradise.

Second Division takes the ordinary type of man who attempts, first one thing, and then another, failing at this and that, often ailing, changeable, poor memory, frequently depressed, or else he is at the giddy heights of the impossible. Experts know that this class of person lacks both physically, and mentally.

Third Division are the "low-downs," those who really EXIST, rather than LIVE, nearly always discouraged and weak in body, but so engrossed with their disabilities that they have little, or no time, to enjoy the sweets of a happy life.

But Swoboda Makes Either of the Above into Men and Women of Endurance SWOBODA'S MESSAGE TO YOU:—

I can so vitalize every organ, tissue and cell of your body as to make the mere act of living a joy. I can give you an intense, thrilling and pulsating nature. I can increase your very life. I not only promise it, I guarantee it. My guarantee is unusual, positive and absolutely fraud proof.

MESSAGES FROM THOSE WHO HAVE REACHED THE TOP

"Can't describe the satisfaction I feel."

"Worth more than a thousand dollars to me in increased mental and physical capacity."

"I have been enabled by your system to do work of mental character previously impossible for me."

"I was very sceptical, now am pleased with results; have gained 17 pounds."

"The very first lessons began to work magic. In my gratitude, I am telling my croaking and complaining friends, 'Try Swoboda.'"

"Words cannot explain the new life it imparts to both body and brain."

"It reduced my weight 29 pounds, increased my chest expansion 5 inches, reduced my waist 6 inches."

"I cannot recommend your system too highly, and without flattery believe that its propagation has been of great benefit to the health of the country."

"My reserve force makes me feel that nothing is impossible, my capacity both physically and mentally is increasing daily."

"I have heard your system highly recommended for years, but I did not realize the effectiveness of it until I tried it. I am glad indeed that I am now taking it."

"Your system developed me most wonderfully."

"I think your system is wonderful. I thought I was in the best of physical health before I wrote for your course, but I can now note the greatest improvement even in this short time. I cannot recommend your system too highly. Do not hesitate to refer to me."

"You know more about the human body than any man with whom I have ever come in contact personally or otherwise."

"Your diagnosis and explanation of my brain trouble was a revelation to me. I have had the best physicians of my State, but your grasp of the human body exceeds anything I have ever heard of known. I have read your letters to many people, also to my physicians, who marvelled at them."

There are those that are tyrannized by paralyzing "suggestions," such as fear of death, future, loss, disease, sickness, temper, inability, worry, suggestions that cripple their efforts, crush their attempts, and hurl them back discouraged. *Conscious Evolution* opens the door to a dazzling realization of the dominant latent power within, and these very people come out at the other side, boundless and free.

The reason so many women speak without reserve as to the value of Swoboda's system, is because he has taught them what they should know about Self-Evolution. When they understand this, they are conscious of being Powerful, Magnetic, Beautiful, Healthy, and of strong Feminine Personality, therefore have become better women in every way.

Can YOU work at "top speed" week in, and week out, without feeling fatigued? Can you dominate those under and over you? Can you show yourself to the world as a healthy, powerful, competent, profound and systematic thinker?

Can you twist difficulties into successes? Can you say "I can Concentrate—I have a splendid Memory—I have a strong Will? Come now! Can you honestly say this?

Swoboda can! Interested! Of course you are, how could you be otherwise? Way, your very success in life is at stake if you are not like Swoboda, and remember he is just what he has made himself with Swobodism. Suppose your health failed to-day, where would your business go to? America is just full of money waiting for "top men" and "top women" to earn it. The times are too fast and strenuous for weaklings or slow brains to keep up with. The strong and capable, are the men who succeed, there is plenty of room at the top for you, and Swoboda can take you there alright.

When you board one of the mighty leviathan locomotives rushing madly from New York to Chicago, you simply take your ticket, and rest comfortably until you reach there. The worry and care of the journey is not yours; you are whirled along in restfulness and pleasantness. That is just how Swoboda takes you along. He gives care to every student, and he trains, leads, and coaches you right away for health, and mental and physical strength from the very start. You just place yourself in his hands AND HE DOES THE REST.

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Established 1877

Puck

America's Cleverest Weekly



PUBLISHERS' NOTICE: PUCK
is published every Monday
(dated the following Saturday)
by the Puck Publishing Cor-
poration, 210 Fifth Avenue,
Madison Square, New York
City; (Nathan Straus, Jr.,
President and Treasurer; Her-
man Bernstein, Vice-President;
Foster Gilroy, Secretary).

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PUCK IS MAILED to subscribers at \$5.00 per year, or \$2.50 for six months. Cana-
dian subscriptions, \$5.50 per year, \$2.75 for six months; Foreign, \$6.00 per year, \$3.00
for six months.

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and Distributing Co.; Brentano's, Paris; Wm. Dawson & Sons and W. H. Smith &
Sons, London; Hachette et Cie., Paris, and Basle, Lausanne and Geneva, Switzerland.

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Puck

will contain next week, among others, the following features:

THE THREEFOLD WARNING

By ARTHUR SCHNITZLER
Author of "The Affairs of Anatole," etc.

AN INTERVIEW WITH THE SULTAN OF TURKEY

By OSIRIS COB

THE MAN WHO SAVED RUSSIA

By OSIP DYMOV

MACAULEY'S CARTOON

"OLIVER" OSBORNE'S CONFESSION

ALAN DALE'S COMMENTS ON THE DRAMA

THE HEAD OF THE ARMY

An Extraordinary Cartoon by Pann



—Drawn by Julian Hess

A Geographical Problem

Puck Interviews the Kaiser

By Osiris Cob

It is easier for a Zeppelin to go through the eye of the Sphinx than it is for a mere newspaper man to enter the presence of the Kaiser — for an interview.

But he told me, when I secured this inestimable privilege at Western Headquarters some weeks ago, that as a mere newspaper interviewer I could not have seen him; but he had broken a heretofore unbreakable rule because of my well-known passion for French literature and culture.

"I have said somewhere, or I have been reported to have said (and really I am so busy that I cannot keep track of the many things I have or have not said) that 'I weep for Belgium.' I may say the same of France. She stood between me and England, and therefore I weep for her," said the Kaiser.

"We cannot have too much Kultur in the world, and it is idle to deny that France has in a measure been a cultured nation and done her little toward civilizing the world and broadening our outlook. I have absorbed Gallie culture all my life, and expect to carry still further that process of absorption. You follow me?"

"Quite," I replied, somewhat astonished at this rather unconventional and, I thought, highly praiseworthy obeisance to a foe. "In the matter of French literature, Your Majesty, who are your favorite authors?"

"Voltaire and Anatole France — and Rabelais. I carry them with me in my week end trips to the Carpathians and Verdun. They are the very essence of modernity. Their liberalizing influence cannot be overestimated — comparable in a way to our own matchless Heinrich Heine and Maximilian Harden. You see, when it comes to literature and art and culture, I am quite above boundary lines. Just as in your country you have a saying, 'Pigs is pigs,' so I say 'Culture is culture.' I take France and her culture to my heart — as I did Belgium and Serbia. It is a form of beneficent absorption, good for both the absorber and the absorbed. You follow me?"

"Jusqu'au bout," I answered. "But German Kultur and its ideals, its aims and its ultimate destiny — the American people would be delighted to hear your views on this matter."

"Ah," replied the Kaiser, with the subtlest and most reticent smile that I ever saw on a human face, "that is my pet talk. Germany was like a large stomach that had outgrown its head and legs, like a huge brain that had outgrown its skull. Its outlets were too small for the vast masses of Kultur in process of assimilation and digestion. Hence —"

"Hum! yes, hence —" I carried him on verbally; and we two, Kaiser and mere American pleb, stood looking at one another with pensively titillative looks.

"Ahem! hence," continued the Kaiser, "natural law asserted itself. The Kultur dam burst and overran the world. Voilà tout!"

"Will Your Majesty define for the American people, just what, in essence, is your definition of German Kultur?"

"Efficiency and organization," replied the Kaiser unhesitatingly and with the suddenness and finality of a cash register. "Germany to-day stands for efficiency and organization as against the slipshod and chaotic methods of the past. We are Human Foresight; we Germans are Plan, Routine, System."

"As against spontaneity, imagination and the carelessness — of, say, the Spirit of Rabelais — eh?" I ventured.

"Even so," he answered. "Whatever has been goes into our melting pot, even spontaneity and Rabelais. It can't be helped. We have the mission; we are ordained, we are chosen. It could not be otherwise. It is from On High. You in America do not understand these things — allow me to say it. You believe that the Highest speaks through the people; the same superstition controls the English and French mind; but we — I — believe that the Great Voice speaks through the leaders of people."

Almost petrified with fear I ventured: "With or without uniforms?"



The War Lord

"It is best to wear a uniform when proclaiming that a Message has come through — though," he added with a curious drop of the lip, "it may be received in shirtsleeves. German culture, in a word, seeks nothing less than the readjustment, mentally and socially, by the gigantic forces now working in the iron crucibles of war, of the whole human race. The hidden Oculist is grinding new lenses for our eyes."

"And then the world will see clearly, Germanically speaking?" I queried.

"Precisely," replied His Majesty. "Ah! You American newspaper men have psychological penetration — too much, maybe."

"And there is Socialism — so strong in your country," I continued. "Must not that be reckoned with in that future — when we are to see differently?"

"Socialism is militarism without guns," replied the Kaiser. "Socialism is merely manufactured militarism. There is only one form of government that can ever satisfy the human race, that is reasonable, efficient and stands for real progress — and that is a feudalized democracy, exactly what we have in Germany to-day. We have reached it through militarism and social efficiency. The Socialists are trying to reach it by revolution. We of the sword and they of the ballot merely differ in method. We war lords and militarists keep God in the human heart; the socialists take God out of the heart and put there Man. Blasphemy! You follow me of course?"

"Then progress is something like a retrogressive movement?" I asked.

"You follow me I see," the Kaiser continued. "Through me, Common Sense returns to its own. Study human credulity and common sense — and you bag the game. The people do not want to progress; they want to be happy, and happiness lies through Authority. There are three Authorities — God, Country, Family. Germany to-day fights for all three, to keep those ideas intact, to expand their power to the uttermost. It is morality and union and reverence we fight for, the old things, the unshakable things, the ancient spiritual regime. When they hear the angelus the Crowd bows; when I raise my sword the people cheer. Do you think it will ever be different?"

"In America, in England" — I ventured —

"Instead of the angelus, the Voice of the People; instead of my sword, a Candidate. Same instinct. Same passion for Authority," retorted the Kaiser quickly.

"The people think too much. That is the trouble with the world to-day. They are restless, discontented, rebellious because they will not listen any longer to those ordained to lead them out of their troubles. Spontaneity in the human soul has usurped Efficiency and Obedience. The very essence of German culture is obedience, submission

(Continued on page 26)

Grinagrams

So earnest is Britain in her purpose of food conservation that even the afternoon tea seems in danger of abolition. Britannia, however, will not reach the bed-rock of self-denial until she cuts out marmalade at breakfast.

"California!" replied an applicant for citizenship papers when asked by the clerk, "Who elects the President?" The newcomer has a keen appreciation of the political importance of the Progressive West. We recommend him as the next chairman of the Republican National Committee.

A magazine writer is trying to make us believe that Cleopatra, instead of being beautiful, was in reality scrawny-necked, flat-chested and parrot-faced. Coward! He waited all this time to make absolutely sure that Antony was dead.

"Russia must have an outlet to warm water."

— *One of the Czar's officials.*

Whereas Germany persists in the mistake of giving it an outlet to hot water, whenever possible.

With shoes up in price and shoe-leather going higher, there is a psychological moment in sight for the teachers of bare-foot dancing.

"There is more to life than just making money."

— *From a talk with Sir Rabindranath Tagore.*

Some day, some editor will make a telling move against the cost of white paper by leaving out this interview. In the course of a year, it will give him a lot of space.

The men in charge of Cologne's municipal food depot "have discovered the great value of marsh grasses because of the high percentage of protein that they contain." Buck up, New Jersey, and be cheerful. If the high-cost of living oppresses your citizens, there is relief for them right at their door. They may eat the Newark Meadows.

The King of Greece would lead a more tranquil life if he would take a leaf from the book of Mr. Hughes and learn to "concede" something once in a while.

Debutantes will come to the front this week; indeed, they have been much in evidence for several days. They will appear in greatest numbers the first of the month.

— *A Sunday newspaper.*

One gathers from the above that the debutante is some sort of a game bird and that this is the open season.

"Harvard Menace Gone," said a wire from New Haven after the game of games. Just as the French turned back von Kluck at the very gate of Paris, so did Yale turn Houghton back. Modern history is full

of striking parallels. Roumania may take heart from Yale's eleventh-hour triumph.

Wall Street is prosperous and rolling in money, but a number of Wall Street gentlemen have charged off as total loss what they invested in Standpat Preferred.

There may be a scarcity of paper now, but wait until the war is over and the instalment histories of "the colossal European Conflict" begin to appear.

It is odd that no cold-storage magnate has accounted for the high price of eggs by claiming that the hens long ago went into the war munition business and have since been laying nothing but shrapnel.

There is hope and a hint for the hungry in the account of a schooner laden with dried codfish which sank in the Gulf of Mexico. The boat shipped several seas, the cod-fish got wet and swelled, and down went the craft. Water and dried codfish — taken, of course, in moderation — would seem sufficient to give any man a sense of well-being. A ten-course banquet feeling for the price of a dried codfish! The ship did not go down in vain.

Among the persons for whom no adequate explanation has yet been found are those who write to a newspaper to express their thanks for an editorial.

There are some eggs which it is a positive pleasure to boycott.

"Lone Airman Attacks London"—

Headline.

Perhaps lone airman will replace our good old Western friend, lone bandit.



"Say, Bill, tell me—how can you afford such an expensive house?"

"Oh, I found it and didn't have to foot the bill!"

American-made toys will find a market in Europe this Christmas as never before. It is refreshing to deduce from this that there are still children in Europe too young for the trenches.

Washington believes that the day will come when the late campaign slogan, "He Kept Us Out Of War," will give way to another, "He Helped Them Out Of War."

— *Washington despatch.*

The "Them" referred to are the warring powers and the "He" is President Wilson. Discussion of the above should be carefully avoided by any person of an envious disposition whose post-office address is Oyster Bay.

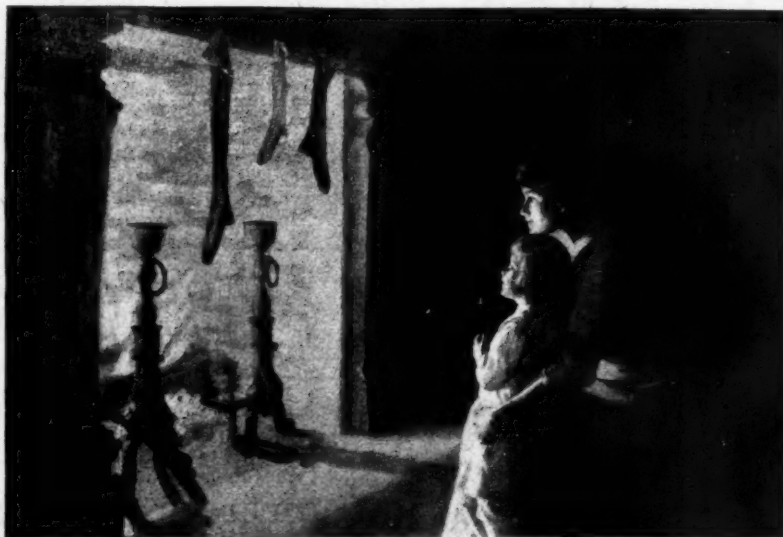
It is said that champagne of the 1916 vintage will be both poor and scarce. To the man-about-town type, this will bring home for the first time the fact that "War Is Hell."

"In the late election the flag of victory was carried by California. That election decided nothing."

— *Chauncey M. Depew.*

Eyes have Standpatters, but they see not.

The decision that Sunday movies are illegal will be good news to the saloon and dive-keepers who have back rooms to fill.



PREPAREDNESS

Drawn by P. D. Johnson



— Drawn by Hess

Why I Cannot Write for PUCK

By BERNARD SHAW

ADDRESS TELEGRAMS
TO "SOCIALIST WESTRAND, LONDON."

10, ADELPHI TERRACE,
LONDON, W. C.

To the EDITOR of PUCK:

My articles for America are longer and more ponderous than the sort of thing you need. You want young men with light hands, and light purses, not spoilt elderly gentlemen who expect to be paid immoderately for being dull. I should be a doddering octogenarian before I came to the end of a contract for twelve articles.

Yours faithfully,

Bernard Shaw

7th November, 1916.

George and Love

By Franz Molnar

Author of "The Devil"

THE TWO PERSONS ENGAGED IN THIS DIALOGUE ARE GEORGE AND ANDREAS. GEORGE IS A HEALTHY, RED-CHEEKED YOUNGSTER, AT HOME ON HIS VACATION BETWEEN THE THIRD AND FOURTH YEARS OF HIS HIGH SCHOOL COURSE. ANDREAS IS HIS CHUM, PERHAPS A YEAR YOUNGER THAN GEORGE.

(PLACE: a mountain slope, rolling gently down to the Danube. It is sunny and very warm. Below, the river glistens in the sunshine. ANDREAS is sitting on a rock, waiting for GEORGE. The latter comes, running down so quickly that he shoots over the rock. He digs his heels into the sod, turns about in his course, stumbles, balances himself several times, and finally comes to a halt after cutting a caper. Where he remains standing, the ground is ploughed up and the uneven grass is trampled as if an immense granite rock had been standing there.)

ANDREAS. Whew!

GEORGE. Waiting long?

ANDREAS. Very long.

GEORGE. Never mind, in return for that I'll tell you something great!

ANDREAS. What is it?

GEORGE. You'll hear it in a minute. You won't want to believe me at all—you're always saying that I brag. This time I'm not bragging; everything I say is true. On my word of honor!

(Long Pause.)

GEORGE. Well, aren't you inquisitive?

ANDREAS. (Pretending indifference). Well?

GEORGE. No?

ANDREAS. Tell me if you care to.

(Long Pause.)

GEORGE. I have a girl!

ANDREAS. Nonsense!

GEORGE. On my sacred word of honor!

ANDREAS. Your hand on it!

GEORGE (doing so). There!

ANDREAS. Who is she?

GEORGE. It's a secret! Your solemn promise that you will tell nobody!

ANDREAS (extending his hand). By God! On my word of honor!

GEORGE. You'll tell nobody?

ANDREAS. Nobody.

GEORGE (after some hesitation). It's Olga. (He apparently expects the earth to split open. But nothing like that happens. The Danube rolls on peacefully, as before, at the foot of the hills. The sun scatters its gold lavishly over the mountains.)

ANDREAS. What of it? You say that you have a girl, and that Olga is your . . . your girl. And you have sworn to it, too.

GEORGE. Certainly I have sworn to it. Only a little while ago I kissed Olga.

ANDREAS. Is that so!

GEORGE (excited). Shall I tell you about it?

ANDREAS. Yes.

GEORGE. Your hand on it again!

(ANDREAS shakes his hand fervently.)

GEORGE. Now, I'll tell you how it all happened. You know Olga used to run

around here by herself, her hands always dirty, digging for four-leaved clovers, and trying to fool people. When she doesn't find any four-leaved ones, you know how she picks a three-leaved one and makes four leaves by cutting one of the leaves in two with a pair of scissors. I said to her: "You little cheat, that won't bring you any luck. Luck comes only when it is really a four-leaved clover. But if you make a four-leaved one out of a three-leaved one, the good God will punish you, because that is deception, and luck won't come to you, because it isn't as stupid as you are, understand?" Then Olga said: "Let me alone, or else I'll show you; you are always picking at me when I don't do anything to you. Go and play with your boys, leave girls alone and mind your own affairs. Your father said yesterday in front of everybody that if you pull my hair again, you'll get a box on your ears that you'll remember for a long while. Go and cram your Latin better, you stupid loafer, and keep ten feet away from me, do you hear?" That's how she talked to me, and then she began to scream and threw herself on the ground.

ANDREAS. Didn't you give her a good kick?

GEORGE. At first I wanted to do that, but I didn't dare go near her, because she was lying on the ground and could have kicked me back with both feet, while I had to stand on at least one foot and had only one foot left with which to kick. If I had wanted to kick with both feet, I would have fallen down—and anyhow one does not kick women; the worst one does is to slap them.

ANDREAS. Did you slap her?

GEORGE. At first I thought, I'll slap her; but then, she has such a little face that I thought, if I slap her the poor kid will die. And yet she deserved it, because I had done nothing to her and couldn't stand for her threatening me with my father. My father can flog me; I don't mind that, but I don't want strangers to irritate him, because that gets me so mad I can do anything. I won't let my father be stirred up in any case!

ANDREAS. And what happened next?

GEORGE. Then I went up to her and said: "You stupid goose, what are you yelling for? I didn't even hit you, and you're blubbering. . . . If somebody comes along and sees you, he'll think that I did something to you and I'll only get into trouble. Stop blubbering, stand up and wipe your eyes, or else your mother will come and tattle on me to my father. I don't want anybody to stir up my father."

ANDREAS. Did she get up?

GEORGE. Yes, but she had no handkerchief, and couldn't wipe her eyes, and so she put her hands all over her face and rubbed her eyes, so that her face got all

dirty from the dirt on her hands, and she has such a little face that it was a disgrace.

ANDREAS. And then?

GEORGE. Then she looked at me so funny. I said to her: "Don't look at me like that, you goose!" She looked so funny, you know, and . . . and looked at me so, and was crying all the time, and the tears were running down through the dirt on her face, that I had to laugh, because she was always licking the corner of her mouth, on account of the salty tears. She was crying and licking her lips and I was laughing all the time, because she was crying so stupidly with that tiny face of hers. Such a girl—with such a tiny face! That is what struck me most. She said: "Why do you laugh at me when I am crying?" "Then don't cry," I said to her, and she answered: "But I must cry. I don't know . . . I can't . . ."

ANDREAS. So stupid!

GEORGE. They blubber over every trifle. I said to her: "All right, I won't laugh any more." And then she said: "Then I must cry whether you laugh or not. I don't know . . ."

ANDREAS. Why didn't you go and leave her standing there?

GEORGE. First I thought, I'll leave her here, but she had hold of my blouse and did not let me go. "Don't leave me alone here," she said. "Do you want me to cry here by myself?" Then "don't cry," I said, "You're getting me so mad because you're blubbering for nothing with that little face of yours." I was so mad that I prodded her in the side and shouted to her: "Stop yelling or else I'll flog you, do you hear?"

ANDREAS (interested). Did you flog her?

GEORGE. At first I thought, I'll flog her, but then something unexpected happened—she simply fell on my neck! First, I thought that she wanted to fight with me, so I got hold of her neck too, but she only wanted to cry on my neck, and laid her head on my shoulder and said: "Don't hurt me, I have done nothing to you!" And then she embraced me, and hung on my neck so hard that I almost choked, and she pressed her dirty, warm little face against my face. And it seemed to me that she had fever, and all the many hot tears flowed down upon me. I said to her: "What do you want of me?" It was really very unpleasant for me, but she didn't let go of my neck, and I consoled her and said: "You little fool, don't make such a fuss!" And I patted her on the hair, and at the back of her wee head there was a bump, just like a little ball.

(ANDREAS feels his head to see if he has a bump, too).

GEORGE. I, too, felt my head, and I have a bump—but I didn't know it until now, because no one ever patted me on the head. And I embraced her and said: "Now I

(Continued on page 25)

Ruck
All in the Point of View

9



THE RETURN JOURNEY
(Little Willie: "This'll want a lot of explaining!")



PAINTING HIS MASTERPIECE
(As seen through Russian eyes)



THE RUSSIAN LANGUAGE
(As Germans understand it)



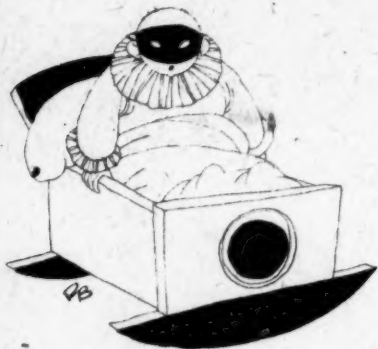
SEPARATE PEACE
(As Germany sees it)

A PROTEST

By "Oliver" Osborne

I am a hunted individual. All over the country, detectives are on the lookout for me, spurred on by the hope of a \$5,000 reward from the Government. And yet, am I so terrible a man that so high a price should be placed upon my head?

They say I am an ingratiating fiend, that



I am a bad man to meet on a dark night. I am, they declare, the hydra-headed monster of whom all young ladies should beware, for I have a beguiling tongue and a poisonous heart.

And yet — and Heaven will bear me out in this — one has but to gaze into my past to know I am no such scorpion as I have been pictured.

As I sit and reflect upon it all, my blood boils within me, my copy of "The Sorrows of Werther" slips from my knee, and my feet turn cold with horror. I am terribly upset, and it requires at least three cups of tea to restore my equanimity.

Then I indulge in a little retrospection. Far, far back into the dim corridors of time I delve, brushing away the mental cobwebs covering a past so tender.

What do I see?

First of all, I behold a cradle. In that cradle lies a wee smiling babe. Around the cradle stands a whole troop of little girls, playfully poking their fingers at the little object of their affections.

Would any wretch dare denounce that babbling infant in terms so reprehensible as have been used in describing the writer? That beautiful pink, animated little specimen of humanity a scorpion, a gay deceiver, a smirking scoundrel? Perish the thought without an obituary, and perish the thinker without a monument!

"Dear Oliver!" cried the children, as they gathered around my cradle.

"Dear Oliver!" What music there is in that salutation! All my life has it tinkled in my ears, and all my life it has spurred me on to do better. Some men are led on by the lure of gold. Others see before them in their visions the flaming sword of justice. The Muses of Song and Literature and Painting have helped others along life's path. But for me the entire magic of life is summed up in the words, "Dear Oliver." They are the epitome of my soul. I heard them in my cradle. I heard them from many pretty lips later on. I read

them in letters. With those words ringing in one's head, how could one do wrong?

So I lift my head proudly from that sight of my earliest days and focus my vision upon a period a little later in my career.

A small boy, surely not more than seven years old, commands your attention. He wears curls. I defy any one to show me a child more cherubic, more exemplary.

A small innocent child, given to dreaming of knights and romance and good angels; yet thousands of inaccurately informed persons have heaped contumely upon the head of him who once wore those very curls.

Could anything stir one more to indignation? Look into that child's life, nay, look into the entire man's life — willingly will I reveal it — and see if such abuse is merited.

Consider me during that period of the curls. I was an avid reader of romantic literature. Many were the nights I repudiated sleep that I might thrill in the company of some cavalier of the printed page. Often have I seen myself, in spirit, mounted upon a fiery charger, with the moonlight striking my shining steel coat as I rode fast to the aid of some lady fair. Always, I arrived in time to slay the bad knight and see the lady safely to her castle. Ah, what thrilling nights those were!

Was this playing the scoundrel?

I longed to picture myself a huge, powerful knight, who would be the protector of all weak persons. Daily I counted the years it would take Nature to realize that lofty ambition for me — alas, they seemed very far away to a little boy.

But in fancy at least I could live in all the power of strength and benevolence. Dreams are great things, particularly day-dreams. Unfathomable has been the pleasure I have derived from them. How wonderful to be able to see the long, long streams of persons calling daily at my castle to solicit my help in their dilemmas and dark moments. And there, in a twinkling, was I, buckling on



my armor and striding forth to do mankind good, to combat the evil spirits that beset and annoy good people. It made a beautiful picture for me. I have no doubt it would also make a beautiful picture for the films. (To film directors: I will fight for my legal rights to royalties).

As a knight, it was my particular duty to be kind to the fair sex. This, I do not hesitate to say, was quite pleasing. It was always, in anything I ever read, the province of the knight to be of service to femininity. The transcendent reward for this lay in their trust. This, in my visions, I merited. It was my halo.

I could even picture letters written to me, in which they spoke of my proficiency as their champion. There were all sorts and conditions of letters. Some were poetical, some were in the slang of the period, and some had even a trace of the business correspondence course period of history. If I may be permitted to quote a sample or so:

Dear Oliver:

You are certainly a wonderful man. Meet me under the moon in Madison Square to-night and I will tell you more about myself.

Yours till Christmas

GWENDOLYN.

Mr. Oliver Osborne,
Melancholy Lane, New York.

Dear Oliver:

Your eyes! Your nose! Your clothes! How do you do it on your small salary? I could just love a man like you.

Your own CHRYSANTHEMUM.

These two specimens of my vivid imagination. Continued on page 24



THE CONSUMER FAMILY

By BERTON BRALEY

Illustrated by MERLE JOHNSON

"Are we going to have a Sandy Claus this Christmas, Dad?" asked Charles, the nine year old son of the family, as his father lighted his pipe and sat down to plod through the editorial page. He had been in the habit of smoking a cigar at this period in the day, but High Cost of Living had removed it from his lips and substituted the briar.

"Why," the Ultimate Consumer went on, "my son, haven't you heard the latest news of Santa Claus? He's interned."

"What's interned, Dad?" the youngest offspring was curious.

"I mean he's a prisoner, locked up, out of the game, retired from business. He's a victim of war prices, strikes, freight embargoes and other things you wouldn't understand."

"But where is he, then?" the small boy demanded.

"Well, here's the simple story of it," the Ultimate Consumer began, "Santa started out this year exactly like any other year, reindeer, sleigh and everything, driving lickety-split around the world to supply all the good little children with presents. But he hadn't any more than got nicely started when a traffic cop stuck up his hand and said:

"Hi, youse wit the beard, you been exceeding the speed limit along here for about long enough. I've had me eye on youse. Besides, I'm suspicious of that bundle on yer back. Come on."

"But I'm Santa Claus, and I *must* deliver these gifts and toys to the little girls and boys who have been good and obeyed their parents," the old gentleman explained.

"Tell it to the judge, tell it to the judge," said the traffic cop, and he arrested Santa and took him to court.

"What was the cop's name, Dad," the boy inquired.

"His name was Finance," said the Ultimate Consumer, "Or Big Business, just as you like, and he arrested Santa because he was trying to run an independent delivery business. So he took the old fellow before a judge called Laissez Faire, which means,

'Get Your Graft and Tell with the Other Guy,' and that judge soaked him thirty days for having no license, driving without lights, failing to blow his horn, and cruelty to wild animals. Santa fussed and fumed and asked the judge if he had ever heard of the Christmas Spirit and the judge said the only one he knew was egg-nog.

"So Santa was put in a cell and locked in, along with his reindeer. And the poor old gentleman can't get out, because he's guarded by a regular crowd of turnkeys — there's Middleman, and Broker, and Commission Man, and Jobber and Dealer, and Speculator, and — oh dozens of others I can't remember just now.

"But the chief warden that watches over him is a little fat guy in a tall silk hat they call High Cost of Living. You see, it's a kind of a mutual arrangement; all these turnkeys and guards are fat and getting fatter because High Cost Of Living pays 'em well, and yet if it wasn't for them, High Cost of Living wouldn't be of any importance at all.

"Well, that's how it is. They've got old Santa in a cell and they won't let him out. For one thing, they've been going through his pack and swiping his presents and giving them to their own friends and relatives, and if they let him out any time before the holidays are over and forgotten, he might raise such a roar it would spoil the whole graft.

"So you see, the gift Santa meant for the



little girl in the tenement house is being used by the rich daughter of Middleman, and the steam engine that the son of the subway digger was to get lands in the hands of the Jobber's boy; and the only way anybody outside of these wardens and turnkeys will receive any of Santa's stock is by going down and bribing them to divvy up on the loot. Of course a lot of people who have money will do that, but ordinary everyday persons haven't the cash — and so their children and friends lose, while Santa's pounding on the bars and yammering, 'Lemme out, lemme out!'

"Now and then there's one of the wardens or the guards who gets sort of fed up with all the graft that High Cost of Living hands out, and begins to have qualms of conscience about robbing Santa or the people he intended to visit, and that's probably why Santa's deer aren't venison already. For some of those folks that have the poor old saint locked up would hog his whole pack and give a feast off the reindeer if it weren't for somebody developing a conscience, once in a while.

"And that, my son, is why there will probably be no Santa Claus at our house this year. He's put away in durance vile, he's held a prisoner by force of circumstance, he's —"

"Aw say, Dad," the nine year old, interrupted, "Ain't I gonna get a sled this year? Maw said you'd give me one and —"

"No, my son, I don't think Santa Claus will bring you one this year. Next year perhaps, but —"

There was a practical, business-like gleam in the eye of Charles and he actually winked at his father.

"Dad," he said, "that Santy Claus story went great a couple of years ago, but I know it ain't so, now. Ever since your cotton beard caught fire at the Sunday school Christmas tree. Yoh're Sandy Claus, and

(Continued on page 22)

The Devil's Business

A Royal Burlesque without a Chorus

By Samuel Hoffenstein

(Throne Room in the Palace of His Satanic Majesty. Walls done in red and green flames; ceiling a conflagration in blue. Smell of sulphur, municipal politics, war communiqués, the American drama and fashionable hotel suppers. His MAJESTY seated on burning dais, left. COURTIERs, attendants, guards, etc. Booming of cannon heard off, with occasional interruptions, giving effect of a rehearsal.)

HIS MAJESTY (listening to cannonade without): What! Music so early in the day! What time is it?

ATTENDANT: Just past midnight, Your Majesty!

H. M.: What's that music for?

A.: The orchestra is rehearsing a new piece for tonight's bal masque, Your Majesty.

H. M.: Bal masque? What bal masque?

A.: The bal masque you yourself ordered, Your Majesty, in joint celebration of the Armenian atrocities, the Grand Offensive and the American Election.

H. M.: Mm! I had forgotten. Things are coming so fast this season! What piece is that?

A.: A new grand march, Your Majesty, composed especially for the occasion by the Crown Prince. It is called "The Battle of Verdun," and is in seventeen offensives and twelve counter-offensives.

H. M. (listening): Hm! Pretty! There are some familiar turns in it.

A.: Your Majesty no doubt recognizes a few interpolations from the overture, "The Battle of Waterloo" of which Your Majesty is so fond.

H. M.: Was so fond, you mean. See that they are cut out. The tempo is altogether too slow. We're modern here.

A.: Yes, Your Majesty. (Bows, exit.)

H. M.: Let me see! There was something I wanted to be reminded of this morning, wasn't there?

SECOND ATTENDANT (stepping forward): Yes, Your Majesty, the report of the Midnight Follies. It is expected any moment. I believe it is here now.

(Messenger enters breathless and advances to the throne.)

MESSENGER (Kneeling): Sire!

H. M.: Quick, the report! (The panting messenger tries to recover his breath). If I do not have that report out of you this second, I swear by the Queen of the White Slaves, I shall make an Owen Johnson salamander out of you and send you back to Forty-second Street to earn your living.

MESSENGER: I crave your pardon, Your Majesty. The attendance at the Midnight Frolic is all that could be desired.

H. M.: Good! You pant like an emotional actress on a Broadway first night. How did the girls look?

M.: Happy and well, Your Majesty, and especially unheavenly in the matter of costume.

H. M.: Excellent! And the men?

M.: Equally happy, Sire. The fat old ones, especially, Sire.

H. M.: Very good. You've done well, my man — (To Attendant). Take him to the kitchen and give him a large dose of the most popular headache powder we have. Is the Master of the Sweatshops here?

MASTER OF SWEATSHOPS (kneeling): Here, Your Majesty.

H. M.: Are you running full blast?

M. of S.: Not even standing room, Your Majesty. According to your command I have added dancing instructors, American postmasters, and moving picture actors to my lists, with double shifts for featured vampires. I have now under my charge actors and actresses of the silent and vociferous drama, the demi-mondaine, the aristocracy, French modistes, the musical comedy chorus, the Social Register, with extra service in the engine-room for debutantes, to say nothing of nondescripts, and roof garden coryphees who until recently were in the Poor-but-Honest-Young-Men department. At our present rate, the supply of asbestos will run out the middle of the opera season. We are building sweatshops as fast as the Building Inspectors can chisel permits in granite, which, as Your Majesty knows, is slow work with the tip of the nose. But we are continually behind.

H. M.: A pretty kettle of fish if we can't keep pace with them up above. To Heaven with them all! Doesn't any of them live to repent?

M. of S.: If your Majesty will permit me, I should like to make a suggestion pertinent to Your Majesty's reflections.

H. M.: Well?

M. of S.: I think Your Majesty's Promoter of Publicity is at fault. What with war, politics, business, society, the drama and the continual exhortation of the preachers that it is their duty to go to Heaven, it is no wonder that we are swamped. I think if Your Majesty were to instruct your Promoter of Publicity to appeal to their sense of duty and to warn them against Heaven as a place filled with interesting women and defunct titles, we would turn the tide of immigration Heavenward and get a breathing spell down here.

H. M.: Mm! Not a bad idea. Where's the Promoter of Publicity?

PROMOTER OF PUBLICITY: Here, Sire!

H. M.: You heard the suggestions of the Master of the Sweatshops.

P. of P.: Yes, Sire!

H. M.: Govern your campaign accordingly. And let me have results.

P. of P.: Your Majesty must be aware of an imminent danger to such a campaign in New York City.

H. M.: Danger? What danger?

P. of P.: The Reverend Billy Sunday has been invited to conduct a campaign of his own there. Your Majesty knows that he has been of invaluable assistance to me. He has disgusted more people with Heaven than the Society for the Suppression of Vice, Daddy Long Legs and Pollyanna combined. I am sure that thousands have come here simply to avoid meeting him in Heaven and unless your Majesty can overcome your aversion to receiving him, I know of nothing that can counteract his influence.

H. M.: Billy Sunday in hell! Do you want me left alone with him here? I swear you'd all turn saints in a week. No, by the Hula dance, the Almighty made him and he can keep him.

P. of P.: Pardon, Your Majesty, but my rival, the Heavenly Promoter of Publicity, with whom I am on most intimate terms and with whom I frequently exchange ideas, tells me that his Master, the Most High, says that you had more than a hand in him yourself and has already consigned him to hell. I understand He is threatened with a revolt of the Early Christian Martyrs if He admits him to Heaven.

H. M.: I had a hand in him? By the divine right of kings, how will He slander me next? Hasn't he libelled me enough? I suppose He will accuse me next of having furnished the money for the Cathedral of St. John. But you tell His press agent, with my compliments, that if He sends Billy Sunday to hell, I'll go back to earth, and confess publicly that I'm a professing Christian.

P. of P.: Yes, Your Majesty. Then if I may make bold to suggest it, we must stop this war.

H. M. (pacing furiously up and down the dais): Hm! Send him to hell, eh? I'll confess publicly that I'm a professing Christian! I'll convert the Czar and send Him the late Leopold of Belgium! I'll send Him a hundred of His own preachers! That's what I'll do; and the collected poems of Ella Wheeler Wilcox, besides. What are you mumbling about? Speak up! Don't be afraid! I'm no saint; I'm only the Devil!

P. of P.: I said, Your Majesty, that we must stop the war.

H. M.: Stop the war! Yes, that's it! Stop the war!

(A courtier steps forward and kneels at the foot of the dais.)

COURTIER: I crave, Your Majesty's indulgence!

H. M.: Speak up, my lord Napoleon.

(Continued on page 20)



PLAYS AND PLAYERS

BY ALAN DALE PICTURES BY RALPH BARTON

One would think, as one reads my pleasantly unsophisticated contemporaries, that all the nice, intelligent people went to the performances of the Washington Square Players, and to those of the Neighborhood Playhouse, while all the *un-nice*, *un-intelligent* folks rushed to the other forty theatres. The critical mania for lauding all that isn't Broadway at the expense of Grand Street, and other sylvan retreats, grows and grows. It is a harmless mania that afflicts all young critics. It is in the measles class. Usually it dies of its own enthusiasm, and is quickly gathered unto its fore-maniacs.

I enjoyed the four little plays produced by the Washington Square Players — principally because they *were* little! They are the essence of Broadway. A popular Broadway plumber (he is known as an "adapter" on the thoroughfare) could make each of these four plays one long, dull, substantial, four-act entertainment — just dull enough and substantial enough to be called a "triumph." The Washington Square actors do not adulterate their offerings, and that is their excuse for popularity. It is also the excuse of the Neighborhood Playhouse. And also of the Portmanteau.

We may yet get a Suit-Case Theatre, a Thermos-Bottle Theatre, a Multum-in-Parvo, a Hand-Satchel, and a Travelling-Bag. I wonder that some enterprising novelty-monger doesn't invent a theatre-capsule. You just take one of 'em, and imagine you're at the play!

Have you ever been delightfully electrified by a play that, as soon as you reached home, you were foolish enough to try and analyze, only to wonder at your own electrification? Certainly you have. Take my advice, and don't do it again. Be perfectly satisfied with the sensations that are handed to you whilst at the play, and let it go at that. Put analysis aside.

In the case of "The 13th Chair" by Bayard Veiller (if I am not mistaken his name is pronounced to rhyme with "squealer") your electrification will assuredly

happen. It is a tremendously theatrical and vivid piece of work. It is the effort of an extremely experienced stage-carpenter, who thoroughly understands the value of every theatre trick.

Mr. Veiller knows exactly how to keep an audience on tenterhooks, and how to relieve the strain at precisely a quarter to eleven o'clock. Not one minute before that, either! In "The 13th Chair" the name of the man who "committed the murder" (that lovely expression!) remains unknown to the very end. Veiller actually contrives that

you shall suspect half a dozen others before the truth is revealed.

In all technical stage books — which are abominations — you are told that it is positively fatal to fool an audience. (Could one fool a New York "first-night?") When I was a laughing lad, Paul Potter used to din that into my ears. "An audience must always be 'in the know'" said he. Well, Mr. Bayard Veiller proves the fallacy of that technicality. He fooled his audience in "The 13th Chair," and he fooled his critics — all except one delightfully old young man who cried "I guessed it at first, because I had read many detective stories."

I've been going to the theatre for the last twenty-five months — I mean years — and I never guessed the "plot" of "The 13th Chair."

A good deal of the spiritualistic stuff introduced into the "seance" scene, would have made Sir Oliver Lodge, and Professor Hyslop smile. It was so superficial. Fools rush in where angels fear to tread, but sometimes I think that the courage born of ignorance is the very best courage we know.

"The 13th Chair" should not be analyzed. It should be accepted at once as a particularly clever, adroit, and popular piece of work. It hasn't a literary leg to stand on, but as far as real, virile drama is concerned, it is a veritable centipede.

It was rather difficult to "get the hang" of the play at the Princess Theatre, called "Such is Life." The title was such a misnomer. It should have been called "Such Isn't Life," and even then, we should not have been completely satisfied. In this "comedy" the heroine had written a novel, and her husband, a book reviewer, ignored the fact that the novel he adored, was the work of his own wife. Imagine calling that brew "Such is Life."

The publisher introduced into the comedy was quite deliciously *such-isn't-life*, as far as my experience with that fraternity goes, and the sweet little novelist-ess is suspected

(Continued on page 23)





VOL. LXXXI No. 2076



WEEK ENDING DECEMBER 16, 1916

"Peace on Earth"

WHILE the flower and youth of the civilized nations is being ground into dust upon the European battlefields by the most brutal and modern devices of destruction, fertilizing and irrigating Mother Earth with innocent blood, the knights of the pen — thinkers, poets, philosophers, artists and scientists — are fighting it out in the newspapers, as well as in letters, pamphlets and bulky volumes.

The human food for cannon is driven to the "fronts," ready to kill and to die, to defend, protect or avenge the honor of their respective fatherlands.

Those fortunate enough to come back alive will recount their deeds of heroism, their grim experiences in the grimmest tragedy the world has known. But it is not they who will sow the seeds of hatred for the future generations.

The master minds, the leaders of thought and champions of spiritual advancement, now engaged in creating a literature of hate, are poisoning the very springs from which humanity will drink after the war is ended. They are inculcating hatreds that must take root and are blocking the erection of the structure for a lasting peace of which many people in neutral lands now dare to dream.

The statesmen of practically all the belligerent countries have declared themselves in favor of peace — upon their own terms. Grey, Briand, Bethmann-Hollweg and Burian have issued statements in which they speak of justice, protection of the weaker nationalities, the freedom of the seas, and other well-sounding principles.

In the meantime hundreds of thousands of innocent lives are being destroyed on sea and land, and by flying death-machines.

The Czar, with an air of bravado, says:

"I will fight until the last moujik and the last Jew is gone."

The Kaiser declares proudly:

"I will fight to the last drop of blood, to the last man, woman and child."

And they mean every word they say.

For a belligerent country to mention peace now is like betraying cowardice, admitting weakness and acknowledging defeat. So they all speak of peace in the future, not of the peace that would end this war.

"This war must be fought to a finish," say the statesmen. No peace must be made before the guilty have been punished. Therefore the war must go on.

And the war does go on.

The dignity, the honor, the prestige of the nations must be upheld; so the people who do not know the causes of the war are driven to uphold such dignity, honor and prestige with their

blood, with the happiness of their mothers, their wives, their children.

Diplomats and leaders of thought, safe in their cosy studies, tell us we must not speak of peace now, while the rank and file are being sacrificed in the diabolical game.

The Teutons have had their triumphs, and the Allies their victories. There is already glory enough in this war for all of them to satisfy even the most ardent militarists of all the warring countries. There is sorrow enough, misery enough, bloodshed enough in all the nations at war to cause them to bethink themselves.

While the innocents are painting the world red with blood, Peace lies prostrate on earth, amidst cynical derision, amidst wild orgies of death and destruction, waiting for the real hero to help her rise again.

The Disappearing Office Boy

WHAT has become of the legions of office boys? They used to be over-abundant in New York and other cities, but now they are almost as scarce as Roumanian victories and as precious as rubies. "Help Wanted" advertisements tempt them not from their hiding places. Commerce struggles along limply without them.

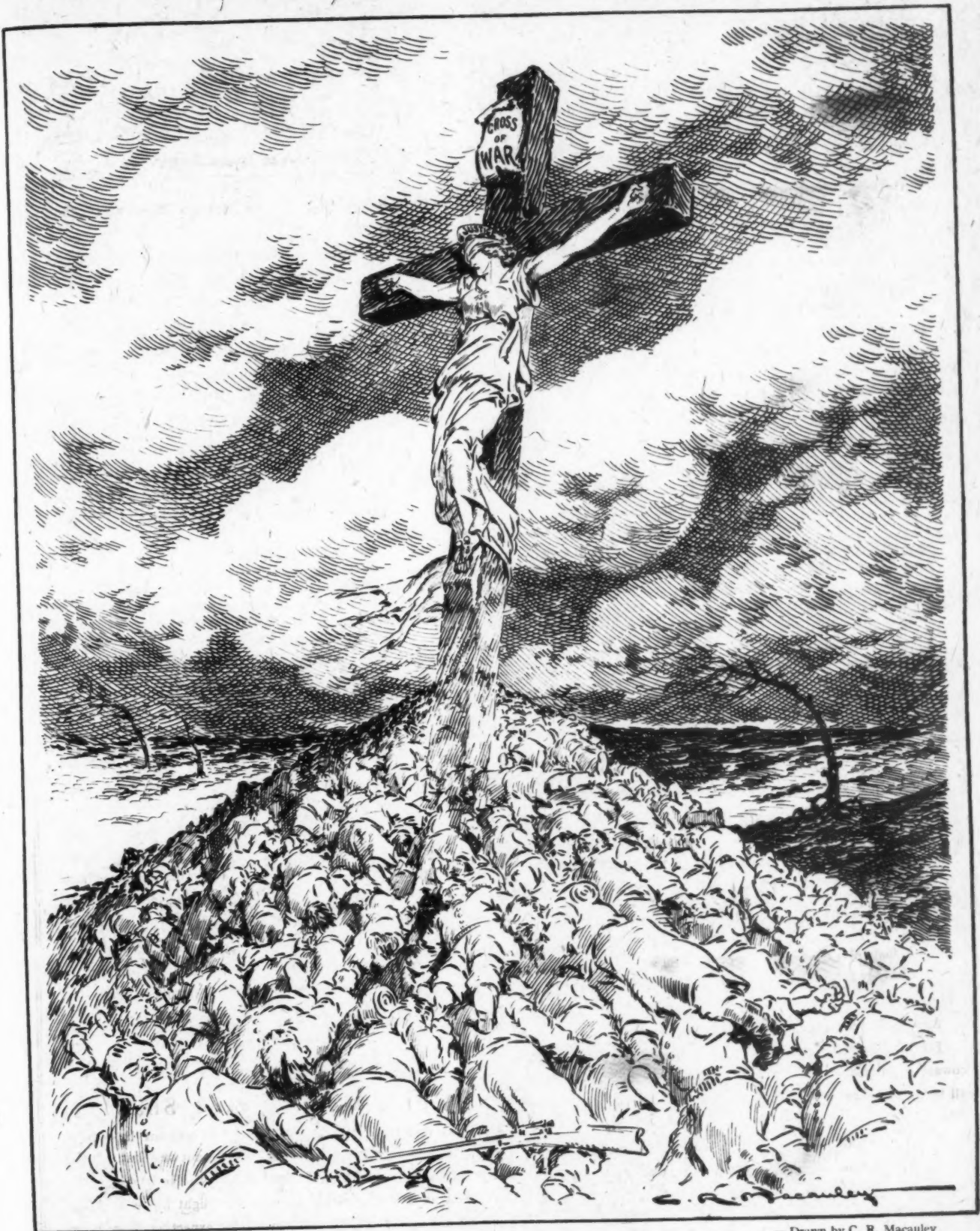
Have they followed the migratory seasons of the birds and taken to the South for the winter, there to await the opening of the baseball training camps? Have they gone to some office boys' paradise where all are provided with desks for their feet and season passes for baseball games? Has the industrial department of Mars, Inc., lured them away to work in munitions factories?

Some of them may be in the European trenches. If so, pity the poor enemy! An American office boy would very brazenly turn away shrapnel with the information: "Nobody's here, old top, all gone for the day." Bullets would wilt before his scornful stare.

Hold fast to your office boys, those of you who still have them! Grant them almost everything they wish, for in these unusual times they are as temperamental as opera stars.

PUCK and Bernard Shaw

WE thank Mr. G. Bernard Shaw for his brilliant little message in this issue of PUCK. We cannot say that we are in accord with his criticism of Bernard Shaw. He writes us that we want as contributors young men with light hands and light purses, not spoilt elderly gentlemen who expect to be paid immoderately for being dull. Though Mr. Shaw's purse may not be light, his hand is. We believe that Shaw at eighty will still be youthful enough to write for PUCK. Genius never grows old.



— Drawn by C. R. Macauley

A. D. 1916!



THE PURSUIT OF PRIVACY — ÉPISODE ELEVEN

THE FREEDOM OF THE PRESS

They Wear Their Hair Long

There is talk of another barber shop here, the man coming from Craig. He'd better stay away unless he has plenty aside from his work to live on this winter.

— *The Hopkins (Mo.) Journal.*

Why this Secrecy?

Mrs. H. H. and Mrs. C. E. made a trip just recently to a hospital in a neighboring city to visit a sick woman whom they had known in the past and carried a basket of splendid fruit with them for the party. On arriving, they found that she had died early in August.

— *The Sebring (O.) Times.*

Or This?

In last week's issue there was a notice of the wedding of Miss Myrtle Coyle, and in the hurry of things there was a portion of the account left off, in this that it was not told who Miss Myrtle married.

— *The Barboursville (Ky.) Advocate.*

In Union There Is Strength

Two of Milan's prominent people have joined forces to fight life's battle together.

— *The Milan (O.) Ledger.*

We are Puzzled

On Sunday, November 5, a son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Drew McLaughlin of the Hiawatha World. As soon as the result of the election was definitely known, the boy was given the name of Drew.

— *The Leavenworth (Kan.) Times.*

Better So

The H. H. Cosper house has been leased furnished for the winter to a couple whom it is understood soon are to be married.

— *The Troy (O.) Gazette-Register.*

The Inner Man

We have a new pair of opera glasses we would like to exchange for a sack of cornmeal. Will throw in the velvet bag.

— *The Fort Worth (Tex.) Star Telegram.*

It Might Have Been Worse

Miss Opal Cabbage fell and dislocated her knee Friday night.

— *The Burlingame (Kan.) Enterprise.*

Where Women Vote

Mr. Everett Foster and Miss Abbie E. Porter, both of Brimfield, were united in marriage on Wednesday. Mr. and Mrs. Porter will make their home in Brimfield.

— *The Brimfield (Ill.) News.*

Candor In Figures

Runs like a new car. \$385 takes it. Driven 3,000 miles by factory employees. Bargain at \$225. 935 Field.

— *The Detroit (Mich.) Free Press.*

Do They Freeze, Too?

B. J. Kliegle received a carload of new Fords last Monday. If you want a new car you better see Mr. Kliegle for the Fords will be very scarce in the spring, it is rumored, on account of the hard winter.

— *The Watertown (S. D.) Public Opinion*

What It Takes To Make A Success

The mask ball given at the Elks theater Saturday night by the members of the baseball club, was a successful affair in every way. It was necessary for Deputy Sheriff Barney to "beat up" two or three of the "gentlemen" in attendance, the trio having been "liquored up" to a point where it was difficult for them to maintain their equilibrium.

— *The Kingsman (Ariz.) Mineral Wealth.*

A Faint Pleasure

Marion Green is always a pleasure. His encore number was "Don't Care," by Carpentier, but the audience was unable to understand the word sufficiently well to get the full beauty of the popular song. We wish he would open his mouth more so the words could get out.

— *The Laporte (Ind.) Argus.*

Who Could Want More?

The people, young or old, who consider Ridgefield a dull place, please keep these dates in mind: Choir practice every Saturday evening at 7:30, church services every Sunday at 10:30; Sunday school every Sunday at 11:45; C. E. every Sunday evening at 7:45; Nov. 9, Cemetery aid; Nov. 10, concert; Nov. 17, bazaar.

— *The Woodstocks (Ill.) Sentinel.*

It Is Safer To Wear Uniforms.

The firemen were in danger, many times bringing out women in their night robes.

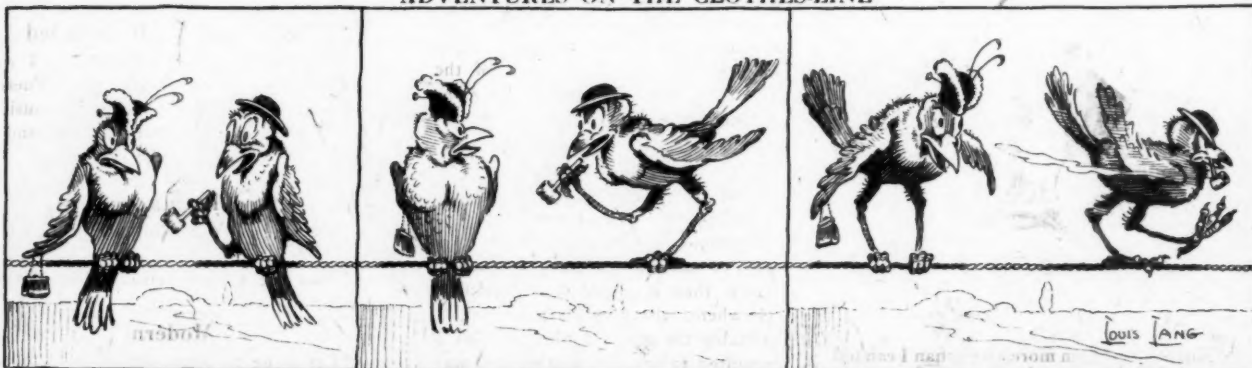
— *The Macon (Ga.) Globe-Gazette.*

What Is This Relationship?

Mrs. Andrew Hofreiter entertained Tuesday evening in honor of Mrs. Edna Patton, who will soon become the bride of her son, Frank Pholf of California.

— *The New Harmony (Ind.) Times.*

ADVENTURES ON THE CLOTHES-LINE



"We'll have to economize—that's all there is about it."

The cost of living this year has gone up:

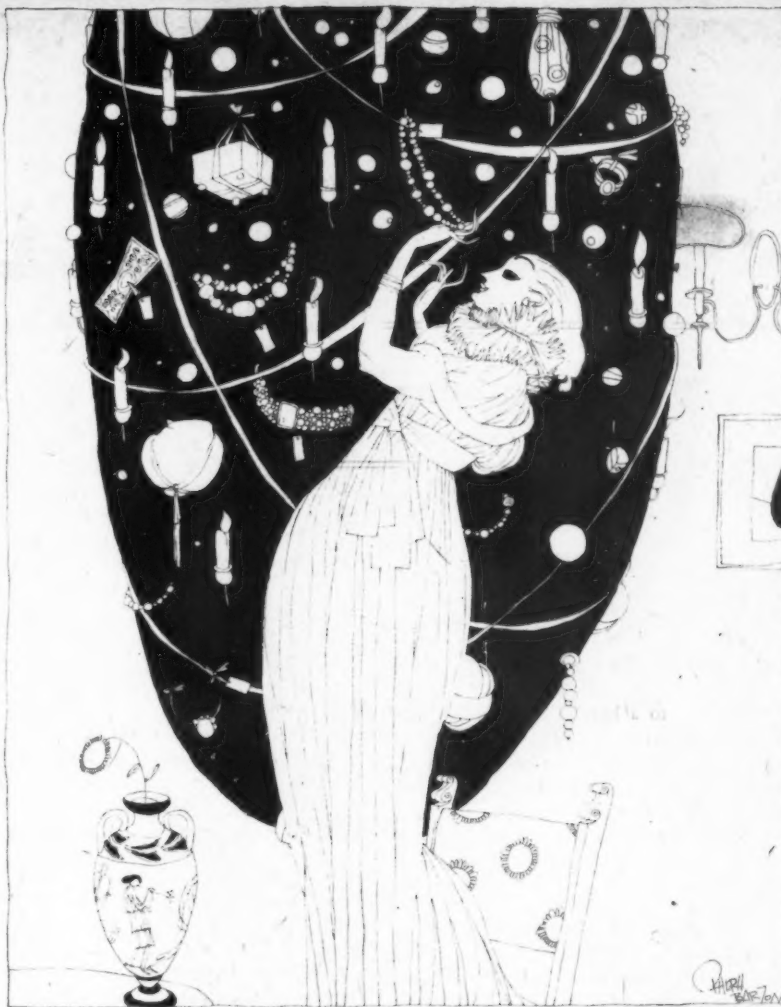
bugs are twice as hard to catch as they used to be!"

A Change to be Avoided

A recent issue of a newspaper on the Pacific coast, according to a despatch from Seattle, was printed on shingles, owing to the fact that the free admission of Canadian shingles makes them cheaper than white paper containing the same amount of printing surface. Such a state of affairs, however, should not be allowed to become general; for the hardships which shingle-newspapers would impose on our reading public would be many and severe. The newspaper editor, who already labors under numerous hardships and petty annoyances in his weighty task of moulding public opinion, should not be handicapped by the necessity of clipping his newspapers with a jig-saw instead of with the conventional shears. The housewife should not be driven to distraction and nervous fidgets by having to cover her pantry shelves with shingles instead of with a Sunday newspaper. The commuter, too, must be considered. The life of the commuter is none too simple. If it should be made more complex by forcing him to snatch a shingle-newspaper from a newsboy while sprinting for the 7:48 train and run the daily risk of getting splinters in his fingers, his efficiency would be vastly impaired and the productiveness of the nation lowered at a critical time in its business history. Nor will the urban population be benefitted by the substitution of shingles for newspaper. Nearly every man who rides to work in a street-car each morning has suffered the annoyance of being jabbed in the eye by the corner of his neighbor's newspaper. It is always an unpleasant experience, provocative of deep, passionate curses. But if shingles replace newspapers, the man who is jabbed in the eye by a neighbor's shingle will have to collect the names of the witnesses, hurry to a doctor, have his eye bandaged, and go to all the trouble and expense of suing the street-car company. It won't be the simple matter that it used to be. There are other reasons why the shingle should retain its former status as a house-ingredient instead of encroaching on the newspaper industry; but the reasons set forth above should be sufficient to cause our leading citizens to use their influence to have newspapers kept flexible and free from splinters.



MOTORIST: "I am more sorry than I can tell that my machine struck your wife."
FARMER: "Ye'd better be. Why, ye came near hittin' me!"



—Drawn by Ralph Burton

AND YET THEY SAY MONEY DOESN'T GROW ON TREES

Declined With Thanks

The young man opened the envelope with trembling intensity. He had recognized the writing. It was THE girl's. In a moment more, when he had summoned courage enough to look, he would know his fate. It was her answer to his proposal of marriage.

He took a deep breath and permitted his eyes to fall. Here is what, with increasing wonder, he read:

My dear Mr. Handholder:

I very much regret that I cannot make use of your proposal of marriage, which is returned herewith. The rejection of a proposal of marriage should by no means be taken to imply a lack of merit on the part of the sender. There are various reasons besides lack of merit, any one of which might render your offer unavailable. Your proposal might not be suited to present needs, or it is possible I might have on hand a number of similar proposals. The rejection of your offer of marriage must not be taken to mean that it would be unwelcome elsewhere, also, for such is not invariably the case. A proposal that is unsuited to one girl another girl may find quite to her liking. Regretting my inability to make use of your offer,

and thanking you for permitting me to examine it, I beg to remain,

Sincerely yours,

GLADYS CANBY.

The young man turned pale with disappointment; then red with rage. What did she mean by sending him such a reply? Was she crazy? Or was he?

Then, all at once, he tumbled. It was all right. The poor girl couldn't help herself. She was a victim of habit. She was secretary to a magazine editor, and she was used to writing letters to accompany rejected manuscripts.

Not Meant As It Sounded

MRS. INWRONG: Miss Screecher, I want you to come to our house next Tuesday evening. We are going to have a musician with a violin two hundred years old and we want a voice to go with it.

The Martyr

"You said you'd go through fire and water for me."

"Show me a combination of the two and I will."

Modern

"I'm going to turn over a new leaf New Year's."

"You ought to have a loose leaf system."



By Benjamin De Casseres

The Eternal Tragi-Comedy

Humor is the safety valve of the tragic spirit. It is the perception of Horror from the Infinite. It is the great wardrobe mistress who takes the skeletons of Fact and decks them out for a charivari.

The publication of Mark Twain's only posthumous work, "The Mysterious Stranger," reveals us the hair-shirt that this prince of humor and satire wore beneath the motley. Nothing more pessimistic, ironical and mournful has ever come from the pen of an American writer. He sees Man as a grain of dust in a mighty sirocco of blind forces blowing from a Nowhere to a Nowhither, and over all the author of "Huckleberry Finn" sees nothing but Vanitas Vanitatum, scrawled by Satan.

This will astonish only the jobbernowls and dry-as-dusts, for the caustic irony and pungent satire of Mark Twain could have been incubated nowhere else than in the dark canyons of the heart. Rainbows are fabricated by storms, and great satire is born of the impotence of the human before the Juggernaut of Law.

Well, says Mark, the world may be damned from all eternity, and you and I may be only galvanized atoms, dowered with a dream for a day, but we have that which the gods cannot destroy, a shield against which their arrows rain in vain, and that is Laughter, for it is the Comic View that is the menstruum of all ills.

The world is broken now, and a great pall hangs over human destiny, and the Dark Ages may not be far away, but no matter! — for the world will always be young so long as there is a child to look up at you and lisps, "Tell me a story."

The Little Superpeople

Before the Fall, children dominated the world. They were the sages, the embodied wisdom of Life. These divine mites were the supermen and superwomen of the Earth, for they were Innocence incarnate and lived Beyond-Good-and-Evil. The mystical and psychological meaning of the Fall is that we ceased to be as little children in our attitude toward life, to live it riantly, carelessly, superbly unconscious of "right" or "wrong."

A beautiful, healthy child is like a dream fallen from a star. It is the ecstasy and rhythm of Nature expressed and heard in her most delicate instrument. Their eyes are belled laughter, the patter of their feet

the hum and swish of the Earth as it runs around the Sun, their laughter the clash of porcelain vases against silver urns.

The Opera

Tristan and Isolde, rising into the empyrean on vast Chimeras of sound, Once more shall sweep to their immortal death And proclaim their passion from some utter star.

Salammô and Mimi — each destined for a tragic grave —

Will rend the night with their plaints and maledictions,

And Parsifal, the pink-cheeked Tolstoi of his time,

Will ascend in a milk-white robe to his plush and pallid heaven.

Carmen, whose eyes are Gothic mysteries and whose breath is pestilent with sweetness,

Will tread the boards ironically, the while Don José goes singing to his hell.

The melting sweetness of The Master-Singers will flood the ear with the magic melodiousness of Orpheus,

While from their mausoleums of air the downfall'n gods will glare at us

To the weltering sonories, and whelming crescendoes of "Götterdämmerung."

What's in a noise. Would not Noise by any name sound like "Billy" Sunday?

Glory is to receive a letter of praise from Everybody — after you are dead.

The Opera is the instinct-to-noise in its highest and most refined form.

So Like A Woman

VIRGINIA: This war can go on forever, for a new generation comes of age each year, and there is always a rising generation.

PAUL: But, my dear Virginia, where are the fathers coming from if they continue to slaughter each other at the present rate?

VIRGINIA: Dear me! I never thought of that!

The little ripples in a woman's laugh have drowned many a champion swimmer.

The Pickpocket

In the Street of the Years I prowl, in the light and the dark,

An immortal phantom, mailed in impenetrable veils.

The Pleasing Gift Dunlop Golf Balls

Every Dunlop is English Made
World famous for length and accuracy; the choice of experts

One Dozen \$9.00
One-half Dozen \$4.50

Sent by mail direct.

For sale by golf professionals.

The Dunlop Rubber Co., Ltd., Birmingham, Eng.
Should you not be in touch with your golf professional send order with remittance to Distributors, Low & Hughes, 11 E. 4th St. N. Y. or Hubbard, Spencer, Bartlett & Co. Chicago.



You can mix a good cocktail.

If you have the finest of old liquors and years of experience in blending.

But if (as is true with most of us) these requirements present some difficulty—

Then meet them with

Club Cocktails

whose smoothness of blend and delicacy of flavor stamp them as the creations of connoisseurs.

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Importers of the Famous
BRAND'S A-1 SAUCE



"Same for 106 Years"

Old Overholt is a popular favorite at the best clubs in the country. It is honestly aged in the wood and bottled in bond.
A. Overholt & Co.
Pittsburgh, Pa.



I pick stars out of the pockets of Space
And from the pockets of your skull I deftly
lift all your dreams
And pile them sky-high, stars and dreams,
in the backyard of the Past —
For I am Time the pickpocket, shop-lifter to
His Majesty.

The classic on the psychology of stupidity
has yet to be written; but it will, of course,
once it gets written, be the history of the
human race with political campaigns as
concrete instances.

Warum Atque Pourquoi?

Why, in the best of all possible worlds,
has Genius only one shirt and Cunning one
for each day?

Why is war a law of nature, and not merely
a matter of kings and queens?

Why has the girl you married tastes in
common with the best man at your wedding?

Why is it that what is generally "the
best thing for the country" is sometimes the
worst thing for you?

The latest thing in verbal paradoxes is a
"peace panic." The next will be the Era
of the Happy War.

Indefatigable

"I hear Starr has won great honors for
research work."

"Yes, he's found an article of food which
has not gone up in price."

Civilized Georgia

Civilized Georgia, unable to locate a
negro suspect, lynched his old gray-haired
mother. Chivalry will gain its ends somehow.

POLITICIAN: Who's back of you?

OFFICE SEEKER: Ten generations of glori-
ous ancestors!

POLITICIAN: Um—I might get you a
job classifying fossils in the Smithsonian
Institute!

WIFE: All that you are, you owe to me!

HUSBY: Don't tell anybody! I'll take
the blame myself!



"And please make Willie a little larger, so
we can have a decent fight once in a
while, Amen."

Virginia Hot Springs

Spend the Winter Months at Virginia Hot Springs, the
one spot in all America where "a cure" can be taken
just as comfortably as in the Spring, Summer or Fall.

The inestimable benefits of the healing waters
(naturally heated 106°) have won international recognition for
Virginia Hot Springs as one of the world's most famous resorts
where the climate, scenic beauty and general surroundings are
unsurpassed.

The completely equipped modern Bath House,
connected with the Hotel by an enclosed sunlit viaduct—the
Spout Bath, famous for Gout, Rheumatism, Nervous diseases,
Sciatica, etc.—the exceptional medical attention and the opportunity
for absolute rest, materially enhance the value of "the cure."

Riding and driving over delightful mountain trails,
Golfing on one of the sportiest courses in America and a variety
of other sports give an added zest to outdoor recreation.

The well known Homestead standard of equip-
ment and service maintained throughout the year.

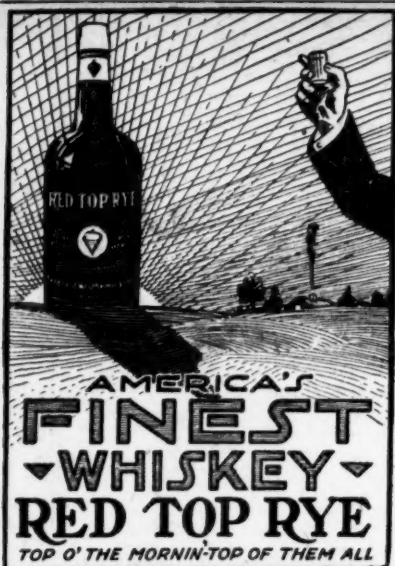
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graphically illustrates and describes the many charms of
this ideal winter resort and fully dilates upon the thera-
peutic values of the famous waters. Copies upon request.



H. ALBERT, Res. Mgr.
Hot Springs, Va.





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Harry Stone

BOOKS and RARE PRINTS

137 Fourth Ave., New York

The Devil's Business (Continued from page 12)

COURTIER: I beg to lay my humble services at Your Majesty's feet. All I ask is a hundred thousand men and I promise you to take Berlin in a week. Or if Your Majesty prefer, I shall start at Berlin and take Paris. Or if Your Majesty would still prefer to have me begin at London and take everything as I go along, you have but to command me. I shall want but a hundred thousand men. Caesar would want two hundred thousand, Hannibal five hundred thousand and Marlborough a million men. Wellington couldn't do it with two million. He has a fifth-rate mind, Your Majesty. I had him beaten the first day. If Blücher had not —

H. M.: Yes, yes, my lord Napoleon, I know, I know! We are all 'ifs' and 'buts' here. I thank you, but I have a better way of settling the matter —

(NAPOLEON retires.)

H. M.: We need more room. Good! We shall expand territorially. I hereby officially annex Europe for the present. What's that?

(A commotion heard off. Enter guards, bringing in the Czar, the Kaiser, the Austrian Emperor and the King of England, evidently just emerged from a fracas.)

H. M.: Ha! What's the meaning of this? Bring them forward! Speak up! All of you — one at a time!

GUARD: They were fighting in front of the main gate, Sir!

H. M.: Oh, ho! Fighting in hell, were they? Do they think they are still kings? I will show them we want peace here! What's the good of a hell if it isn't peaceable? What were they fighting about?

GUARD: About the cause of the war, Your Majesty. They were boasting about it. Each one was claiming he was the cause — and in a minute they were at it.

H. M.: Oh, ho! So they want glory in hell, too! I think the braggarts intend to set themselves up as my rivals by divine right of kings. Ha, Ha! Something in that divine right of kings to the throne of hell — (Turns to Kaiser). What do you say to that, Sir?

KAISER: Your Majesty must know that if I hadn't invaded Belgium there would have been no war. I only ask for my dues. Your Majesty, — the high place in your esteem I deserve.

CZAR: But if Your Majesty will permit me, I beg to remind you that if I hadn't begun mobilizing at the crucial time there would have been no invasion. I swear I was but waiting for a pretext.

AUSTRIAN EMPEROR: But what of my ultimatum to Serbia, Your Majesty?

KING OF ENGLAND: Your Majesty is surely aware that if it had not been for fear of British intentions — a fear carefully fostered in Berlin — there would have been no move towards Liège and no war. As head of the British class system, Your Majesty knows that I am capable of ren-

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER.
"Its Purity Has Made It Famous."
50c. the case of six glass stoppered bottles.



Let me tell you just as one housewife to another

—that the spot or streak of soil on your silk curtain or the chair which is upholstered in light colored silk, satin or other fabric, will come off in a moment with a little—

CARBONA Cleaning Fluid

—and a white cloth. And Carbona will not injure the most delicate fabric or color.

Never use dangerous benzine, naphtha or gasoline. You can hold a match over your bottle of Carbona and it—

will not explode

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PUCK, Madison Square, New York

The Devil's Business

dering you any service. It was surely my war, Your Majesty.

KAISER: My war, Your Majesty!

CZAR: I caused it, Your Majesty; I swear I caused it!

AUSTRIAN EMPEROR: How about my ultimatum to Servia, Your Majesty?

H. M.: See how they quarrel about my masterpiece! Mine, d'ye hear that? Who set you up on your little thrones? Who kept alive the ignorance of the Russian peasant, the stupid docility of the German burgher, the poverty-stricken servility of the British workman, the miserable fear of the Hapsburgs in the Austrian brain? I did! I let Europe grow rotten with vices and miseries, till the tumor burst and drenched it with bad blood! Bah! You kings are a nuisance even in hell! Here, who has charge of them?

MASTER OF SWEATHOPS: I intended to take them over, Your Majesty, as soon as I had room. But there's nobody they're worth replacing!

H. M.: I'll tell you what we'll do! We'll deport them!

M. or S. (not comprehending): Deport them?

H. M.: Yes. Didn't you hear me officially annex Europe? Send them back there! And send in Cleopatra. Oh! woman, lovely woman, even Hell cannot do without you!

(Booming of "Battle of Verdun" heard off, as curtain descends).

More Reliable

WILLIS: The Highfliers are going to give up their big house this winter.

MRS. WILLIS: You must be mistaken. I was talking with Mrs. Highflier only yesterday.

WILLIS: Well, I was talking with the mortgagee only this morning.

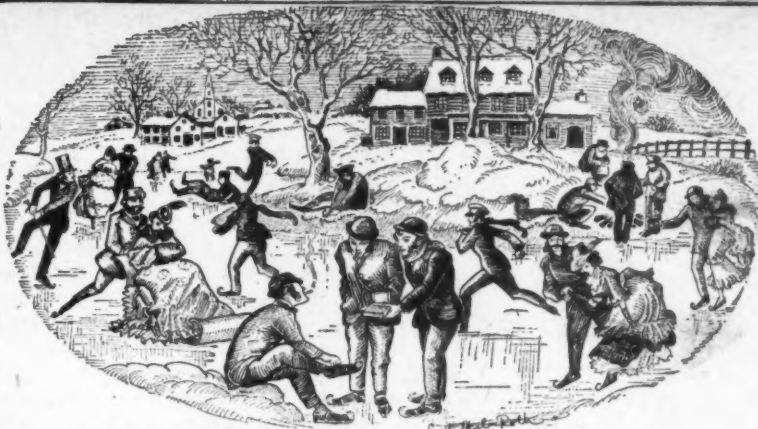
On The Safe Side

HISTORY TEACHER: We learn this morning that Caesar defeated Pompey.

REDDY BACKROW: All right, but believe me, I don't do any crowing till the returns from the outlying districts are all in.



WIFE: "Obadiash, are ye goin' tew town?"
OBADIAH: "We ain't decided yit!"



"Christmas Day, 18—. After dinner, we skated on Barker's Pond, where the Virginia cigarettes brought North by Mr. Virgil Lee, proved surprisingly acceptable."

"Back home for Christmas"—remember? Most of us can't leave our Tickers and Tots to shake hands with the old customs as we'd like, but we can gather around us the genuine, old-time reminders. There's a treasure-trove of memories in every box of good, old Richmond Straight Cut Cigarettes. The first high-grade cigarette made in the United States, they have a staid charm and quaint old-time delicacy unknown to "commercial" cigarettes. Your guests will appreciate them after the Christmas dinner.

RICHMOND STRAIGHT CUT Cigarettes

PLAIN or CORK TIP
Fifteen cents

These cigarettes are also packed in attractive tins, suitable for Christmas gifts, 50 for 40c; 100 for 75c. Sent post-paid if your dealer cannot supply you.

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LIBBETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO. SUCCESSORS



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Billiards. Pool and Dancing.

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After that date, Rockledge, Florida

Summer season, GRANLIDEN HOTEL, Lake Sunapee, New Hampshire

The Christmas Number of PUCK is still on sale at all news-stands

Speedy Lessons on Speedy Subjects

1. High-Fliers

To-day's lesson, children, will be on high-fliers. There are two distinct varieties. One is represented by the intrepid heroes of the air who seek to break records for altitude; the other by vapid heroes of the bar who seek to break their necks and family fortunes. Ah, Cuthbert, I see by your intelligent look that you have met them. The former class invariably uses air-planes; the latter goes in most frequently for touring cars. No, Alberta, they do not take up the whole car,—a very narrow space is usually sufficient.

In both cases there is imminent danger of a fall, but the airman knows how to descend with less impact than the Broadway high-flier. When the latter crashes down, it is usually for good; meaning, Percival, my boy, the good of those who separate him from his gasoline. You get me, class, the motive power. The places where real sky-pilots congregate are called hangars; where the other kind assemble are called cabarets. Yes, Florentina, they have something to do with cabs, taxi-cabs, because some people can not walk very accurately when—but you must not interrupt me. The airman almost hears the music of the solar system as he goes up; the high-flier listens with rapt attention to the popping of corks and the tinkle of ice in long-stemmed glasses as he goes down.

The motto of both kinds, dear children, is this: "The sky's the limit." But the former confides it to his mechanic and assistant; the latter to a soft, pink ear. No, Clementina, it isn't soft because he talks mush into it. You must not be facetious. It is soft because it is naturally attached to a soft little thing. Pussies are soft, too, Ethelbert. Yes, and they also scratch. The class is dismissed.

The Signs of a Stay

Dewey Chandler of Quitman is visiting his old home at this place and as he has most of his wearing apparel with him we prophesy a long visit.

—The Heber Springs (Ark.) Headlight.

The Consumer Family

(Continued from page 11)


Ma said that I could have a new sled, and she said you'd get it for me Christmas."

The Ultimate Consumer sighed a great sigh, as he contemplated his paper, which featured a story on eggs going to a dollar and a half a dozen. He turned hastily away from that, and his eyes rested on an announcement that space was limited on account of the high price of white paper.


Then he handed Charles two dollars.

"Charles," he said, "go get your sled. Get it to-morrow. And when I come home at night, I want to see you start at the top of the hill and slide—just to give me the unique and wonderful experience—in this time when everything's going up—of watching one thing going down."

Ruck



Carstairs Rye



In the Protective Bottle
A good bottle—to keep good whiskey good.

Gift Furniture Sure of Its Welcome



Book Stand, \$12.00
Solid Mahogany



Tilting Table, \$8.00
Red or Black Lacquer

Everybody has place, in living room or drawing room, for such pretty, odd bits of Furniture as the two illustrated.

They are typical of a great variety of such pieces, graceful and useful, and moderately priced, which can be found in our Furniture stock.

ABRAHAM AND STRAUS

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

Plays and Players (Continued from page 13)

of clandestine meetings with him, and all that sort of thing. And there was your "play." It meant so well! It tried—it did try to be bright, and Mr. Ferdinand Gottschalk played the "lead." He is usually a funny little person with a distinct sense of humor, but somehow or other, he was merely a bore in this comedy.

Sam Sothern, who was "starred"—you see, he is the brother of E. H. Sothern, and next to being the son of a famous actor is the keen joy of any brand of relation—appeared to be pleasant but drab, and there were but seven characters in all.

It pains me dreadfully to see those whom I have loved reduced to shadows—in pictures! It is like watching the de-materialization of one's dear ones, with the added iniquity of illiterate legends and explanations. Still, I go to see them in a sort of morbid fascination. A year ago, I saw Madame Sarah Bernhardt on the screen, and I have just inspected the film called "War Brides" with Madame Nazimova as the star.

Naturally, I inspected that. I adore Nazimova. If I had not outgrown my "fatuous" days, I should insist that it was I who had discovered her, but I have passed that adolescent stage. However, I may say that I have worshipped at the Nazimova shrine, and it was for that reason that I hied me to the "War Brides" picture.

Nor did I regret it. Not once did my eyes close in slumber, as they invariably do at the "movies." It was the most astoundingly dramatic film I have ever seen, marvelously made and absorbingly interesting. And Nazimova! She was as delicately cryptic, and as persistently enigmatic as years ago when I saw her play in "The Chosen People" in the Russian language, and understood her as perfectly as though she had spoken pure American.

Nazimova has returned to us via the "movies." The "movies" be thanked.

The one thing that reconciles me to pictures, is the absence of the spoken accent. All the characters being reduced to the common denominator of silence, the ear is not ravaged by a non-standardized speech. That means a good deal, you know. It does to me, at any rate. I am jealous of the English language, and the atrocities that the modern theatre deals to it, make my blood run cold.



"Don't let him scare you, Eddie. He's no athlete—can't even jump out of that box!"

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Broadway at 42d St.
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Nights, 8.30. Mats. Wed. and Sat., 2.20

RUTH CHATTERTON
and company including **BRUCE McRAE**
COME OUT OF THE KITCHEN

By A. E. THOMAS, based upon the novel by
Alice Duer Miller.
Fragrant, diverting, appealing.—World.

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TURN TO THE RIGHT

"UNDILUTED JOY"—WORLD

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A New Farce by CLARE KUMMER

NEW AMSTERDAM THEATRE
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Klaw and Erlanger's Unrivalled Musical
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Miss Springtime

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To the Bon-Bon Girl

You just adore an actor;
You chatter at the play;
But even your detractor
Will never dare gainsay
That you're the winning factor
In making drammer pay.

The Dramatist

He lifts his magic eyebrow
And, pen in hand, perpend:
Should he ascend to high-brow
Or please his low-life friends?
The cash rewards the fly brow
And so his art descends.

"Your only applause," quoth a star of the movies, "is the click of the camera." Obviously, an instance of cruelty to actors. Invention should come to the rescue and equip every movie-studio with an applause machine consisting of a pair of castiron hands and an endless string of percussion caps.

Senator Abdul Hatidzehravi was sentenced to death by court martial and executed for conspiring against the Turkish government.

— *The news from the Near East.*

Alas! Is there no such thing as "senatorial courtesy" in Constantinople?

"All nations concerned have been punished as never before in all history, while the real war-makers have mostly gone scot free."

— *Dr. David Starr Jordan.*

This is hardly fair. Let us not forget that the Kaiser has frequently suffered from sore throat, and that the King of England once fell off his horse.

A Protest

(Continued from page 10)

nation, I think, are enough. Bear in mind that I was at that time only seven years old. This will indicate how early in my career the spirit of chivalry became fixed in my bosom.

I even set out on little journeys to meet my imaginary friends, after having made imaginary appointments with them.

Daily, I strode forth to seek romance in the city streets. I saw not the sordidness of the city day, of ash cans and street cleaners and express wagons. Before my eyes I carried visions of my own—enchanted visions that merited pursuit and received pursuit. In their pursuit, it is true, I suffered inconveniences several times. Twice, while walking near vacant lots, I was struck in the eye by inaccurately batted baseballs. A number of times I was almost run down by incautious express wagons. Yet I was not discouraged from my hunt for romance.

More and more I realize, as I pen these lines, how difficult it is for me to restrain my wounded heart. So bitterly and unjustly have I been maligned, that I have but one impulse—to pour forth all my grievances and to state the truth. This I will do in the following chapters.

Ever since midnight of election day, when the supposed Hughes landslide turned into a close Wilson victory, Republicans have been wondering "Who killed Cock Robin?" There is probably no man in the country better able to answer that question than William Allen White—and he has done so in an interesting article which will appear in December 16th issue of

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
416 West 13th Street, New York

George and Love (Continued from page 8)

shall kiss you if you will give me your hand on it that you won't tell anybody. And she gave me her hand on it and swore, and she hung on my neck, and I kissed the bump on her little head, and she said to me: "Swear that you love me!" And I at once gave her my hand on it—I don't swear for every trifle; a hand-shake is enough. She then gave me a remembrance, — a real four-leaf clover, not one of the frauds she makes up with her scissors. She said that I should put it into my prayer-book and press it. Then she said to me: "Hurry up, now, get through with high-school; I will also hurry to get through with my school, and we will live in Budapest."

ANDREAS. Why in Budapest?

GEORGE. Because that's a grand place to live in. I used to collect stones there — very useful for next year's work in mineralogy — and the air is so bracing there!

ANDREAS. And then?

GEORGE. Then somebody called from below: "Olga! Olga! Olga!" — and she got scared and said: "I won't get any salami if I don't hurry;" and ran away. At parting, we shook hands again, and I stood there alone, plumb silly, like a horse, looking about me as if I had lost something. I looked at the spot where she had been lying — the grass was trampled there, and I sprawled down on the same spot and chewed on a blade of grass.

(Profound quiet. The sun is still shining warmly. The Danube is rolling along as before, down below, at the foot of the mountain.)

ANDREAS. And how about the Paraguay postage stamp?

(He gets no answer. GEORGE is biting his nails.)

ANDREAS. How about the Paraguay stamp? (GEORGE looks and starts at him.)

GEORGE. What?

ANDREAS. How about the Paraguay stamp?

GEORGE. I can't give it to you, because I gave it to her. That is her first stamp, but she will soon have more, because now she will begin to save them, and I will always give her my duplicates. . . .

(He lies down on his back near the stone, kicks his legs in the air and chews on a blade of grass. He does not notice that ANDREAS has left him and has begun a hunt for beetles. Profound noon-day stillness.)



AUNT EMMA (on way to church Sunday morning): "Let them play; they don't hurt anybody but themselves."



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Burning the Midnight Oil

Burning the midnight oil was at one time in the world's history thought to be one of the chief requisites for success, along with putting one's shoulder to the wheel and leaving no stone unturned. Of late years, however, the person who burns the midnight oil is very apt to wind up by attempting to poke his head through a stone wall or plough up a vacant field with his shoulder-blades — both of which forms of activity are acknowledged by experts to be well-nigh fruitless, not to say frivolous. There is something about burning the present-day brand of midnight oil which is very apt to bring the burner to grief on a grade-crossing, or to result in a high dive down a 35-foot embankment. Neither of these pursuits can be looked on as ones which will bring anyone much fame — except as an interesting case in a medical book. It may be that the complete separation of midnight oil from alcohol, with which it has been accustomed to mix of recent years, would result in a rehabilitation of the old phrase; but the consensus of opinion at this writing seems to be that the young man who wishes to get along without severely denting his reputation or his epidermis will leave the midnight oil in the garage, where it properly belongs, and devote his midnights to playing auction with some really influential citizens.

PUCK Interviews the Kaiser

(Continued from page 5)

to the ordained teachers, the submersion of individualism in the will of the State or the will of God. Allow, as we do in Germany, the people the freest expression in the beer-garden — multiply beer-gardens *ad infinitum* — and the street barricade will be unknown. Ah! the psychology of the beer-garden," the Kaiser continued, musingly and retrospectively, "that would make a fine little essay. I must ask Maximilian Harden to do it for me."

As a crowd of French and English air-picknickers in winged buck-boards and carryalls were approaching, the interview with the man who made the Lord famous was brought to a sudden close.

Proved

AD. MAN: "Advertising pays."

FRIEND: "You've got to show me."

AD. MAN: "It supports me and my family."

Pickled

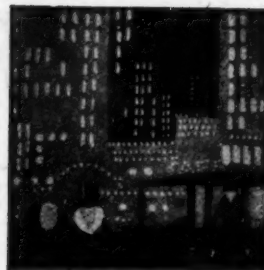
"He's well preserved, isn't he?"

"He ought to be; he's absorbed enough alcohol."

"I never will believe that we must go out and make big loans just to get rid of our gold. If we cannot get rid of it safely, we'll have to keep it and be careful."

— A Banking Expert.

Or we might buy a pair of shoes or a ton of coal with it.



Dad's Monthly Cocktail

FOR a man who never went to Medical College, Dad's a mighty keen student of anatomy.

His preference for plays with music and girls is not strange. It is a mere matter of *form* with him.

As a rule, fathers are patient creatures. With the aid of a pipe and a comfortable chair, the head of the house can survive any amount of home atmosphere. Yes, at times he can even counterfeit a sort of sheepish interest in the routine conversation of the family circle.

But there comes a time in every father's life when excitement of some sort becomes imperative.

To meet these trying periods, men have invented the cocktail, which cloaks an explosive temperament under a mild and ingratiating exterior. Would you have your own patient, long-suffering Dad turn in desperation to the insidious Bronx or Martini?

Or would you appease his occasional craving by supplying him every month with THE THEATRE, an equally refreshing cocktail, which leaves no after effects except the commonest of all after effects: A desire for more?

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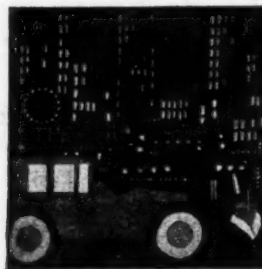
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